

September

TARGET

COMICS

10¢

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G
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VOL. 6 NO. 6



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



TARGET HITS AND MISSES



Editors' Page

The Editors Write:

Hi there, Guys and Gals!

The big idea right now, is a national "Back To The Farm" movement for everyone who can possibly go. And who can think of a better way to spend a summer vacation? The U. S. Department of Labor says it is likely that some five million boys and girls will be on farms again this summer. Now, that speaks for itself! After all, if five million fellows and girls choose to spend their vacations farming, there really must be something to it.

We all realize that the production and harvesting of crops is an essential war job . . . and WHAT a war job. Just think, you'll be out in the open all summer long, getting lots of healthful exercise, and being paid for it to boot!

Now how about it? Let's get "to the game and go "Back To The Farm" for vacation and really make this a banner farming year.

Here's a reminder: July 1 is the official birthday of the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps; and on July 30 the WAVES will be officially three years old. Hats off to two fine organizations!

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

BUY WAR BONDS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

Since paper is rather scarce out here, our letter must, of necessity, be brief. We just want to tell you how much pleasure we derive from your magazine. Reading it helps us to forget the war. We think that TARGET is the best of the bunch.

Our favorites are The Cadet and Dan'l Flannel. Hoping that you will continue to publish them, we remain,

Sincerely yours,

S/Sgt. J. J. Russell
S/Sgt. B. G. Nyberg
T/Sgt. H. K. Prince
S/Sgt. B. LaChance
1st Lt. M. L. Thompson
1st Lt. Bareford
1st Lt. R. L. Mooney
1st Lt. E. J. Zalerney
CHINA

Thanks, fellows, for your grand letter. You're doing a wonderful job over there and we're mighty pleased to know that TARGET rates with you B-24 men!

Dear Editors:

I arrived from the West Indies a month ago and as I am English, I did not know much about comic books. Then I bought a TARGET magazine and enjoyed it a lot. I like the Q's and A's; The Cadet; and Speck, Spot and Sis. I buy a TARGET every time I see one that I do not already have. I have two War Bonds.

Yours truly,
John Birmingham
Merrick, New York

Say, John, we'll bet comic books are unusually exciting to read if you're not used to seeing them. Glad you like TARGET, and keep up the good work on War Bonds.

Dear Editors:

I have read TARGET for a long time but I did not have the courage to write. TARGET is one of the best books I've ever read and after I read it, I send it to my brother, Sgt. Dale M. Smith. He reads the magazine and then four of his buddies read it after him. I like the story about The Cadet best of all.

Yours very truly,
Raymond Smith
Lockland, Ohio

Well, Raymond, your copy of TARGET really gets around, doesn't it?

Dear Editors:

I just got the new issue of TARGET Comics and boy, did I find it interesting! I especially like The Cadet; Speck, Spot and Sis; Bull's-Eye Bill; The Target . . . well, in fact I enjoy every one in the book. I think that the Question and Answer department is really educational and it's fun to answer the questions.

You mentioned that the 4-H Clubs were doing a good job. I am a member of the 4-H Club in Citronelle, Alabama, and we really work.

I have \$5.00 worth of Defense Stamps so far but I am going to keep on until I buy a bond.

Yours truly,
Robert Gartman
Citronelle, Alabama

Golly, Bob, we're overwhelmed with all this praise. We know you 4-H boys and girls are doing a splendid job. Keep up the fine work.

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the March issue of TARGET Comics. My mother had not read a comic book in years until she read TARGET Comics. She thinks the Q's and A's are *SWELL*. When my mother reads a comic book, it is *TOPS!*

Yours truly,
Stanley Barbour
Hamilton, Ohio

We're glad your mother likes TARGET, Stanley, and also that she praises the Questions and Answers.

Dear Editors:

I would like to take this opportunity to tell you what a swell comic book you have. I could not tell you my favorite feature as all the features in TARGET rate A-1 with me. Your Q's and A's are a clever idea. I have to admit they often "stick" me, though.

I do like Bull's-Eye Bill better than Al T. Todd, but I think they should take turns. After all, that is the American way.

Yours truly,
Robert Hansen
Audubon, N. J.

Thanks for those kind words, Robert. In recent voting by our readers, Bull's-Eye Bill received an overwhelming majority vote—so, wouldn't you say the American way is to go along with the vote?

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 111 West 19th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.
\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

THE CADET

Featuring
**KIT
CARTER**



Sock

WALTER
JOHNSON

NINE MEN ON A BASEBALL TEAM SHOULD SPELL COOPERATION--BUT WHEN ONE TRIES TO MAKE TROUBLE, THEY SPELL CHAOS--AND A DIFFICULT PROBLEM FOR KIT CARTER, CAPTAIN OF THE DAUNTON TEAM!

IT ALL BEGINS ONE SUNSHINY DAY, WITH THE TEAM OUT ON THE FIELD PRACTICING. THE DAY OF THE FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON IS FAST APPROACHING!

WHAT A SMACK, KIT!

IT'S GOOD FOR A TRIPLE!

GOSH--KIT'S IN SWELL FORM!

YOU CALL THAT GOOD! I CAN DO BETTER WITH ONE HAND!

OH, OH---
NICK SOMERS,
HIMSELF!

Art Director
MEL CUMMIN

Editor and General Manager--ROBERT D. WHEELER

Associate Editor--JANE SPAULDING NYE

Editorial Assistant
PEGGY ANN CROWLEY

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HE THINKS A BIG LEAGUER IS COMING HERE TO WATCH HIM IN SATURDAY'S GAME! SUPPOSE WE SEND HIM A PHONEY WIRE!

I CATCH! HE'LL PUFF OUT TWICE AS BIG!

...AND WHEN NOTHING HAPPENS AFTER THE GAME, WILL HIS BALLOON DEFLATE!...HOW'LL WE SEND THE WIRE?

FROM CENTRAL CITY! NIGHT BEFORE THE GAME.... WE'LL KEEP IT JUST BETWEEN THE TWO OF US....

LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON IN THE CENTRAL CITY HOTEL...

HERE'S TO US, UNCLE! DOWN THE CHUTE, AND IN THE CHIPS!

YEH--WE'VE GOT PLenty OF CHIPS STAKED ON TOMORROW'S GAME. SO HURRY AND GET ROLLED UP!

YOU'VE GOT TO LOOK PRETTY--PRETTY FOR THE BOYS, DORIS. YOU WANT 'EM TO TALK UP--GIVE YOU THE DOPE!

DON'T WORRY--WHEN LITTLE DORIS GOES TO WORK--SHE WORKS FAST!

THAT EVENING, MANY WEEK-END GUESTS ARRIVE AT THE ACADEMY AS DAUNTON HOLDS THE FIRST OF ITS FESTIVITIES--AN OUTDOOR BARBECUE SUPPER--

AMONG THE GUESTS ARE ---

SAY! WHO'S THE GIRL? SOME LOOKER!

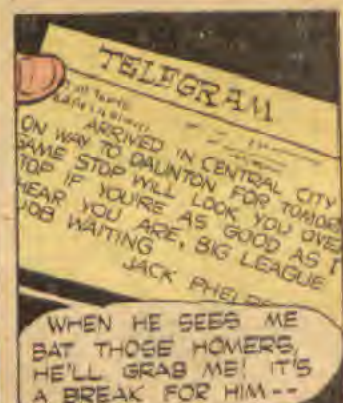
AND SHE'S ALONE! BUT NOT FOR LONG!

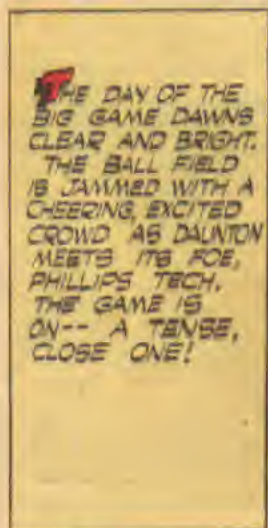
HELLO!... I'M KIT CARTER... YOU DOWN FOR THE GAME?

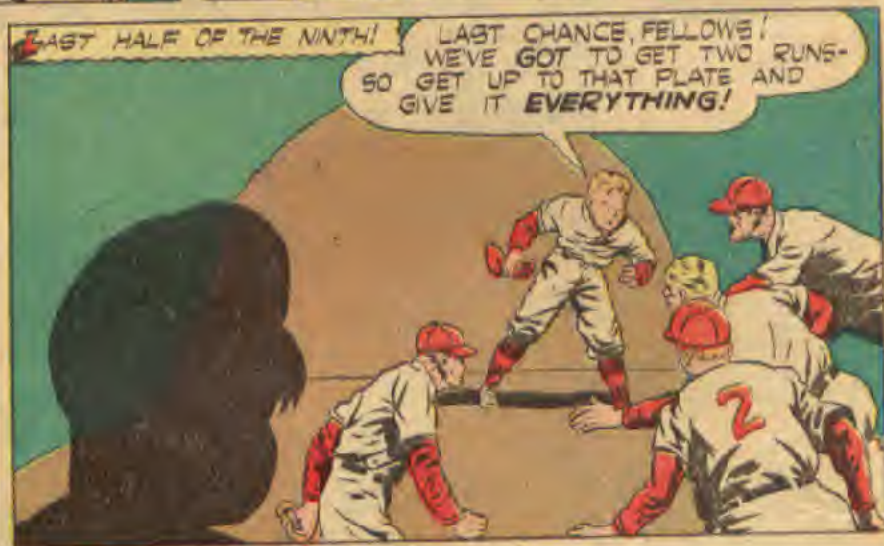
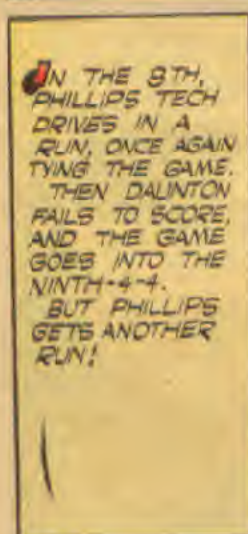
YES, WITH MY UNCLE, MAJOR FARMER. HE'S AN OLD DAUNTON ALUMNUS, AND A BASEBALL FAN! I'M DORIS FARMER!

I'D LOVE TO MEET SOME OF THE TEAM.... I REALLY WOULD--

YOU ALREADY HAVE! YOURS TRULY IS A SHORTSTOP, AND KIT IS CAPTAIN!



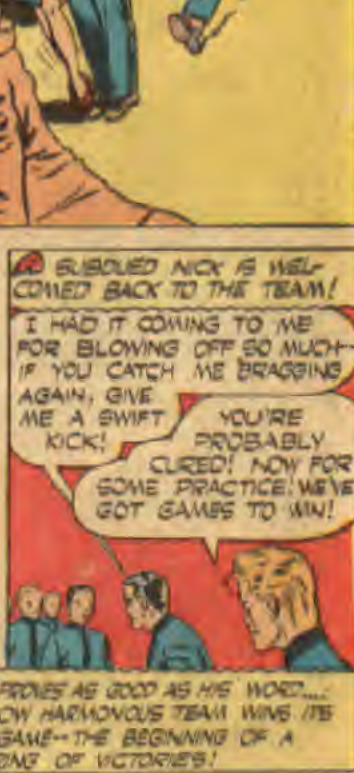








QUESTION No. 4 Name a sport in which the player with the lowest score is winner.



In golf the winner is the person with the lowest score.

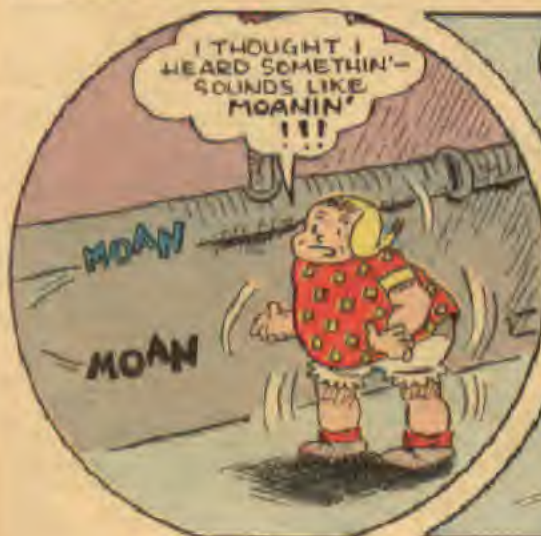
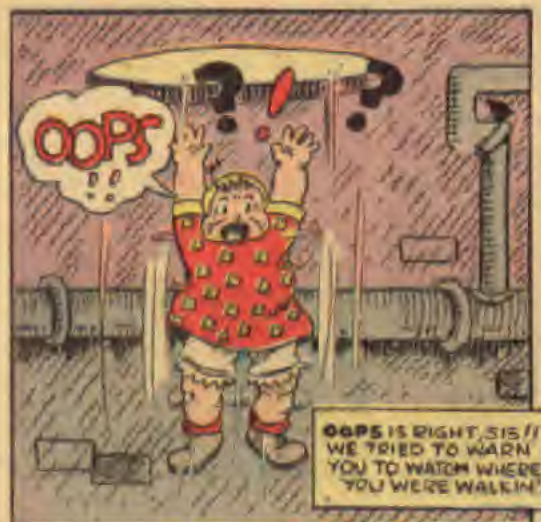
SPECK SPOT

and SIS..

GEE!
ALL IN ALL
I ONLY GOT
25¢ LEFT!!



QUESTION No. 5 What's the name of Sis's home town?





GEE! MAYBE THERE'LL BE A STORY IN THIS FOR OUR NEWSPAPER !!

I HOPE THIS IS WORTH RUNNING FOR! (PUFF PUFF)

IF SPECKOLLY KNEW HOW BIG THAT STORY IS GOING TO BE!

4

[illegible]

(SNIFF-SNIFF)
THERE'S A SCENT
AROUND HERE THAT'S
VERY FAMILIAR—
BUT IT CAN'T BE—



STAY RIGHT BEHIND OUR FIGHTING MEN
TILL VICTORY IS THEIRS AGAIN



TRICKY MATCHBOX

IT TURNS COMPLETELY AROUND!
IT STANDS! IT OPENS!

A MAGICAL evening. Overlook with EAST
to the distance. 28c postpaid.

THE MAGAZINE
No. 441 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

**BUY
WAR BONDS**



THE WAR STAMPS BOUGHT BY YOU AND ME
CAN SINK JAPAN BENEATH THE SEA

BULL'S-EYE BILL

WHEN AN UNSEEN MENACE STRIKES VICIOUS BLOWS AT THE ALLIES IN CHINA, RESOURCEFUL BULL'S-EYE BILL STRIKES A SMASHING COUNTER BLOW!



JAP RAIDERS
POP UP, PICK OFF OUR
MEN -- THEN
DISAPPEAR!



JAPS WINGED
ME BACK IN
THE PASS!

GREAT SCOTT! A
PATROL IS ESCORTING
GENERAL SAUDDERS
THROUGH THE PASS
TO THIS CAMP!



SAY, WHERE
ARE YOU GOING,
BILL?

THOSE JAPS HAVE BEEN
PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK
TOO LONG! I'M HEAD-
ING FOR THE PASS --
MAYBE I CAN MAKE
THEM ACT THEIR AGE!





SOON-- NOT A JAP IN
SIGHT DOWN AT
THE PASS-- BUT THERE'S
PLENTY OF COVER
FOR AMBUSH!



THAT MUST BE THE
PATROL WITH GENERAL
SAUDPERS! I HOPE
THEY'RE ON THE ALERT!



AT THAT MOMENT--
WON! THEY ARE
AMBUSHED! AND THEY
HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!



ATTABOOS,
WHIZZER! BUT
I'M AFRAID THE
SHOOTING WILL
BE OVER BEFORE
WE GET THERE!



THOSE BLASTED
JAPS HAVE A LOT TO
SETTLE FOR!



AH! SO THAT'S
WHERE THEY ALWAYS
DISAPPEARED!



GOSH! THEY CAPTURED
GENERAL SAUDPERS!





YOU GIVE INFORMATION-- YOU GET QUICK, PLEASANT DEATH! YOU NO GIVE INFORMATION-- YOU BE SORRY!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME!



I CHANGE YOUR MIND!



I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS-- IF ONLY I CAN STARTLE THEM LONG ENOUGH FOR THE GENERAL TO MAKE A BREAK!



QUICK! THIS WAY, GENERAL!

AHHH! THE DEVILS ATTACK US!

THE BATS FLY BLINDLY INTO THE STARTLED JAPS!



SOMETIMES CAVES HAVE HUNDREDS OF BATS ON THE CEILING-- AND LIGHT PANICS THEM!



KEEP RUNNING GENERAL! I'LL BE RIGHT AFTER YOU!

GREAT WORK, CAPTAIN!



I'LL HAVE TO PEN THESE JAPS IN UNTIL THE BOYS COME!



WASTE PAPER AND FATS HELP WIN THE WAR
SO KEEP COLLECTING MORE AND MORE



BUY WAR BONDS---THAT'S OUR TIP
TO HELP DEFEAT THE WILY NIP



WUXTRY!
WUXTRY!
READ ALL ABOUT
THE
TUNNEL
MURDER!

...AND
THEY HAVEN'T
FOUND A
SINGLE CLUE!

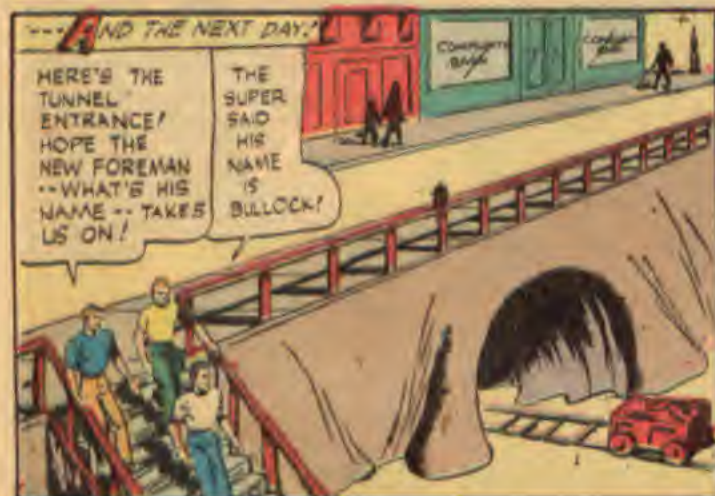


THAT NIGHT, NILES, TOMMY AND
DAVE ARE CALLED TO HOMICIDE
HEADQUARTERS!

WE'VE QUESTIONED EVERYONE! SURE IS
NO ONE CAN TELL US A
THING, AND NO
ONE HEARD A
SHOT. THE
GUN MUST'VE
HAD A
SILENCER!



THAT'S WHY I'M
PUTTING YOU BOYS
ON THE CASE!
TOMORROW MORNING
YOU APPLY FOR JOBS
THERE! KEEP YOUR
EYES AND EARS
OPEN!



HERE'S THE
TUNNEL
ENTRANCE!
HOPE THE
NEW FOREMAN
--WHAT'S HIS
NAME-- TAKES
US ON!

THE
SUPER
SAID
HIS
NAME
IS
BULLOCK!



O.K. YOU'RE ALL HIRED!
BIG HARRY-- START
THESE TWO ON SECTION
TEN! --I'LL PUT THIS ONE
TO WORK ON SECTION
NINETEEN!

FOLLOW
ME,
YOU
TWO!



LATER, AS DAVE WORKS ON!

THAT FINISHES THIS
SECTION! LOOKS
LIKE I'M DOING A
SOLO HERE! GUESS
I'LL MOVE ON TO
THE NEXT ONE!



HAVEN'T FOUND OUT A THING
YET! -- WONDER HOW NILES
AND TOMMY ARE FARING?
MMM-- WHAT'S THIS?
SOUNDS FUNNY!

HEY, YOU--
KEEP
AWAY
FROM
THERE!



WHAT FOR? SOMETHING
YOU DON'T WANT ME
TO--

OW!!

THIS'LL TEACH
YOU-- NO
BACKTALK!

BORRY, CHUM, I'VE LEARNED TO ANSWER BACK-- LIKE THIS!



SUDDENLY, THERE IS A CRUSHING BLOW FROM BEHIND--



AND DAVE FALLS TO THE GROUND!

NICE WORK! NOW WE'LL PUT THIS BUSYBODY WHERE HE BELONGS!

THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM!



TOMMY AND NILES WAIT FOR THEIR FRIEND

OUR SCORE'S ZERO TODAY! I WONDER IF DAVID FOUND OUT ANYTHING!

WHERE IS HE? HE SAID WE'D MEET HERE! --OH, BULLOCK--



HAVE YOU SEEN DAVE?

YEH!-- A FEW MINUTES AGO --! STARTING UP THE STREET! HE SAID HE WAS GOING HOME!

O.K. COME ON, NILES!



AT THE APARTMENT--

HE'S NOT HERE! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

I THOUGHT SO! IT'S NOT LIKE HIM TO STAND US UP!



--THEN BULLOCK LIED, AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHY! THE PHONE BOOK WILL GIVE US HIS ADDRESS!



LATER--

THAT'S BULLOCK! LET'S LOOKS LIKE HE'S IN A HURRY!

FOLLOW HIM!



THE FURTIVE FOREMAN HURRIES BACK TO THE TUNNEL, WHERE---

WE'VE GOT TO FINISH THIS JOB TONIGHT! I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE CHANCES!

SUITS US! THE QUICKER THE BETTER!

---AND, SOME DISTANCE BEHIND---

WHAT ARE THEY UP TO NOW?

WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH!

WAIT! I DROPPED SOMETHING!

GET BACK!

BUT, TOO SOON, THE THUG WHIRLS AROUND---

THE TARGET!

WE'LL FIX HIM!

IN SPLIT-SECOND TIME, STRONG STEEL ARMS SWING WITH TELLING EFFECT!

YOU'RE THE BOYS WHO NEED FIXING!

---SUDDENLY, THERE IS A WILD CRY FROM THE THIRD BANDIT!

THIS DYNAMITE AIN'T WHAT YOU BARGAINED FOR! ONE STEP CLOSER, AND I'LL BLOW YOU TO BITS!

---AND THE TWO THUGS RUTHLESSLY FELL THEIR OPPONENTS FROM BEHIND!

WE'LL TOSS THEM INTO THE ABANDONED SECTION!

THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU FOR A WHILE!



SUDDENLY THERE IS A LOUD EXPLOSION AS THE FLAME COMES IN CONTACT WITH THE GAS!

STANDBACK!
IT TORE
AN OPENING
IN THE
WALL!



A CAVE-IN! WE GOT
OUT JUST IN TIME!

NOW FOR
SECTION
19!



MEANWHILE---

HURRY! THERE'S
NO TIME TO
LOSE!



IN QUICK SECONDS
THE NEFARIOUS WORK
IS DONE!

WHAT A HAUL!--MUST
BE AT LEAST TEN GRAND!



SUDDENLY---

NOT SO FAST, BOYS! WE HAVE
SOMETHING FOR YOU, TOO!



HOMICIDE HEADQUARTERS WILL WANT TO ASK
YOU BOYS SOME QUESTIONS! GET SOME
ROPE, DAVE. WE'LL TIE THESE RATS UP!



AT HEADQUARTERS!

THEY CONFESSED TO KILLING THE FOREMAN!
HE FOUND THE HOLLOW SECTION, TOO, AND
GOT WISE TO THE PLOT! NICE
WORK, BOYS!



COLLECT YOUR PAPER, FAT AND TIN
DO YOUR JOB SO WE WILL WIN

THE INDOMITABLE DUCK



HIS thin body trembling with outraged indignation, Mr. Foster Bridges stalked to the front door, peered out through the curtained window at the big O. D. amphibian that had rolled up into the weeded driveway and stopped. The driver's compartment was uncovered, and as he stared out, Mr. Bridges saw Elaine Gardner climb sure-footedly down the side of the big duck and turn toward the wide stairs of the old mansion.

"Tarnation!" Mr. Bridges said succinctly. "What's she traipsing around with the army for? It's about high time someone—" Mr. Bridges repressed the rest of his mutter, as the girl in the slack suit swung lithely across the wide veranda and raised the knocker. Mr. Bridges opened the door and glared out.

"Well?" he demanded, his voice ruffled with indignation. "What do you want?"

The girl's bright smile didn't falter. Mr. Bridges stood his ground firmly. As a rule, he didn't think much of the younger generation. Slack suits had been unheard of a few years ago. And—and—give . . . Mr. Bridges grumbled deep in his thin chest.

"I'M SORRY to bother you, Mr. Bridges, but it's most important that I—"

"I've bought my share of bonds!"

"Of course. I know. It isn't that. It's the barn you have out in back. You haven't used it for ages now, and I thought—"

"The barn?" Curiosity got the best of caution and Mr. Bridges permitted the door to swing open another inch. "The barn?"

Mischief danced in the girl's blue eyes. "You know. The big building over near the edge of the woods with the round tower going up beside it—"

"The silo!" Mr. Bridges corrected starchy. "Well, what about it?"

Elaine Gardner came a step closer, her lips trembling with suppressed laughter. "You see, the soldiers are on maneuvers here right now—"

"I know all about it!" the old man snarled. "I've been bombed and strafed. I've been an

enemy objective. I don't dare step outside the house. Why? just look at that."

"Amphibious truck," the girl explained, turning to look out toward the long olive drab vehicle standing in the driveway. "They use them for landing troops on the other side. Corporal Mason was telling me all about it. He expects to go over soon. That's why they're here on maneuvers."

"What's that name on the side of it?" The old man peered past the girl toward the army vehicle. "It says—"

"Ducky-Wucky." This time laughter ran gently through her voice. "They name all the army vehicles, Mr. Bridges. Didn't you notice that?"

MR. BRIDGES drew a rattling breath, clutched the edge of the door for support. Names for army vehicles. Ducky-Wucky— "What has all this to do with my barn?" he demanded desperately. "I can't stand much more of this—"

"We want to use it," the girl explained. "You see, the amusement hall in the village is just being done over for next month. There is no place else, and the soldiers will be leaving in a week or two. If we could use the barn for just one night—"

To the north came the sound of an explosion. Mr. Bridges hurled the door wide and propelled his lanky body out onto the veranda, stretching his thin neck to peer toward the sound. As he stared, a cloud of smoke rose above the treetops. Mr. Bridges' body began to tremble.

"No!" he creaked. "I mean—oh, tarnation. Get out of here. I—I'm being bombed again!"

IT WAS, Mr. Bridges realized later, an abrupt way of terminating the interview with the young woman. Perhaps, under normal circumstances, he wouldn't have been quite so short about it. After all, he thought grudgingly, they weren't to be blamed.

Somewhere sounded a dull explosion. The drone of a plane motor reverberated. Nervously, the old man stood up to peer from one of the wide bay windows. He saw the plane swoop low over the treetops, zoom away.

It was getting positively dangerous around here these days, the old man told himself. Perhaps if he got away for a while . . . Elane Gardner had said something about their leaving in a week or two. . .

A faint smile touched Mr. Bridges' lips as he turned back from the window. He knew what he'd do. He'd go out to the island in the middle of the river. It would afford a safe refuge for him for the next couple of weeks. He had a shack there. He'd used it in days gone by as a sort of hunting lodge.

It was very still on the little island. Mr. Bridges carted the two suitcases up the thin trail, through the woods, and dropped them inside the shack. It was almost night now, and he just had time to bring his blankets and lanterns before it would be too dark to see.

Away to the west, storm clouds were piling up. Mr. Bridges, watching them, saw the jagged streaks of lightning flickering from sky to earth. Later, around ten o'clock, the resounding roll of thunder reached him. The river was deathly still, the leaves of the trees calm.

ABOUT midnight, the storm broke with an appalling suddenness that awakened Mr. Bridges with a start. Sweat rolled out on his thin body as he listened to the increasing howl of the wind. The shack trembled and rattled in the fury of the growing storm.

The rain came down suddenly, wetting up a hollow drumming against the thin sides of the shack. The wind roared through the weeds and brush and small trees covering the tiny island. Mr. Bridges got up, lit the lamp.

Lightning flickered from the sky to earth, lighting up the inside of the shack like a Christmas tree, and the old man stumbled back to the wall. The thunder crashed right overhead.

There was a tingling, sharp ping. . .

The very earth seemed to explode all about Mr. Bridges. Terror gripped him, but not hard enough to keep him from moving. He knew in a flash that the shack had been struck by lightning. And next instant, he leaped across the floor, tore the door open and flung himself into the roaring night outside.

The wind caught and grappled with him, hurl-

ing him head over heels into the woods. Somehow, by a mighty effort, he extricated himself, tried to stand up.

His ankle was out of commission. Again the wind caught him and flung him over, like a rag doll, and this time he could only crawl out into the path.

RAGGED lightning lit up the boiling cauldron of the storm, hedging him in. In a brief glance, he saw the raging river tearing past, not thirty yards away. Waves were mountain high, white-capped. Trees and bits of wreckage were floating past with the speed of express trains.

Behind him, Mr. Bridges saw the glow of the burning shack light the sky, as dancing flames billowed up into the night. Dazedly, he crawled a little further along the thin trail, where, half drowned, gasping for breath, he slid forward on his face.

HE HAD a vague memory of the sudden throb of a motor, of an outlandish monster lunging out of the river like some prehistoric animal.

Strong arms picked him up and swung him into the monster. The rest faded slowly.

Mr. Bridges opened his eyes. Relief swept him as he discovered he was in his own bed, in his own house.

"You're all right now," Elane Gardner said gently. "All you need is rest. Corporal Mason drove the amphibious truck," the girl explained. "We came back about the barn just as the storm broke. We saw the fire on the island."

Mr. Bridges closed his eyes. He remembered about the barn. They wanted it for a party, for the soldiers leaving for overseas. Elane Gardner was giving them a going-away dance, probably. The old man drew a deep breath. He said, "All right. You win. Go ahead. Use the barn."

"You're wonderful," Elane said.

"Oh," Bridges called. "I—look here. I was just wondering. About that—amphibious truck you used to—rescue me in. Is it—is it the one called . . . Ducky Wucky?"

Corporal Mason chuckled. "It is so. It sure lived up to its name tonight, didn't it?"

"Sure did," the old man admitted tiredly. "It's some duck, Corporal."

THE END

CANDID CHARLIE

BY
B. Gordon Guth

THE CHIEF OF POLICE OF LENSVILLE IS ALLOWING CHARLIE AND MERKIN TO ACCOMPANY HIM ON A MAN HUNT FOR THREE ESCAPED CONVICTS FROM THE STATE PENITENTIARY--

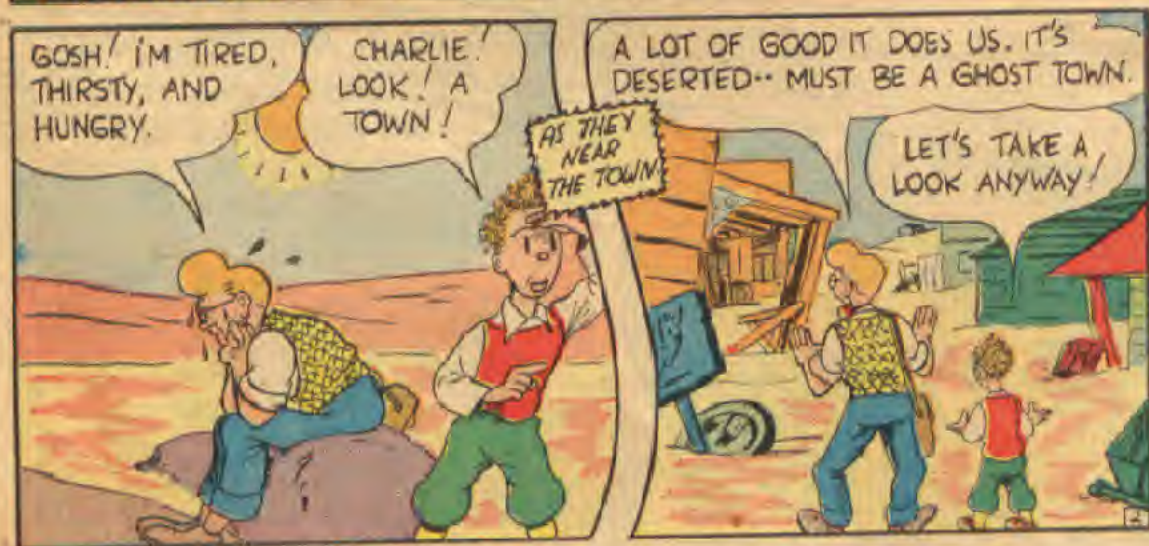
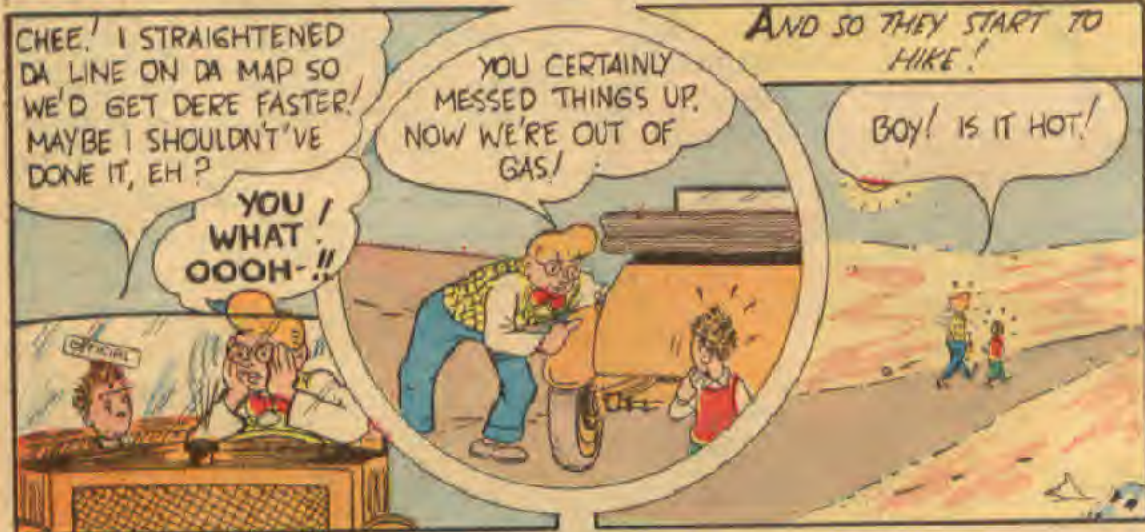
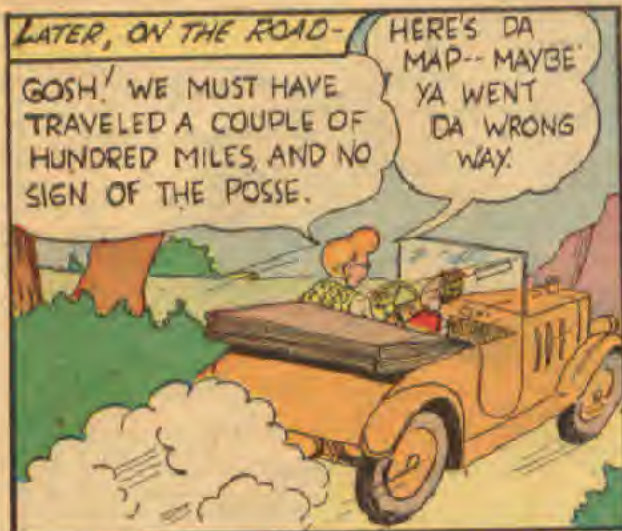
THE CHIEF DREW A PENCIL LINE ON THIS MAP TO SHOW US WHERE THE MEN WERE LAST SEEN. IF WE FOLLOW IT, WE'LL GET THERE AND MEET THE POSSE.

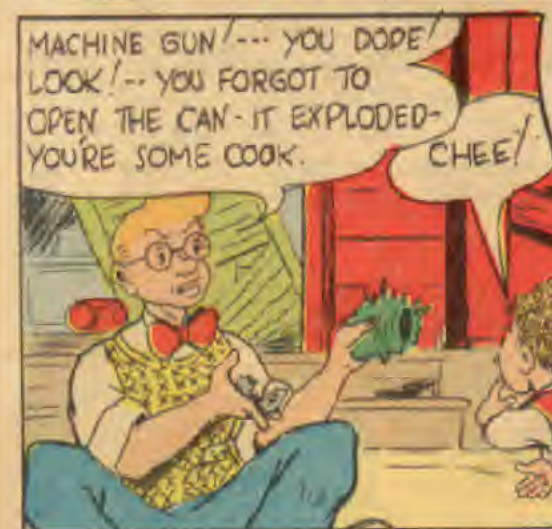
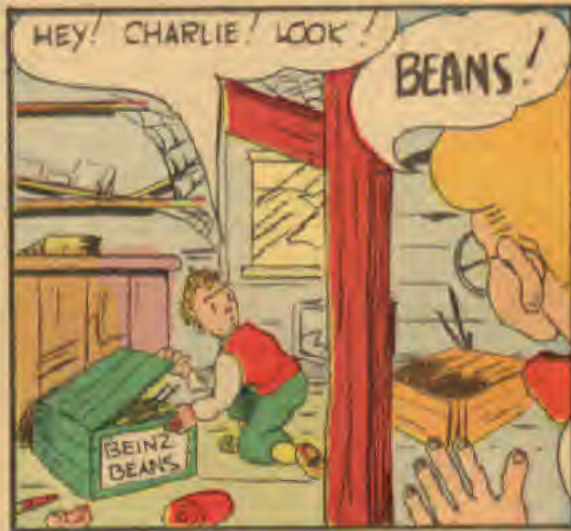
WOW! WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET SOME REAL ACTION SHOTS!

CHARLIE LEAVES THE ROOM FOR A MOMENT.

WE'LL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL-- THOSE CONVICTS ARE ESCAPED MURDERERS!

CHEE! DIS MAP IS CRAZY! DAT GUY MUST'VE HAD PALSY WHEN HE DREW THAT LINE. I'LL ERASE IT, AND DRAW A STRAIGHT ONE WID DA RULER.





I'LL TAKE THIS GRADUATE-
WE MIGHT NEED IT FOR
WATER.



WHILE THE BOYS ARE LOOKING
FOR WATER.

WELL- WOT D'YA KNOW!
AIN'T IT CUTE!



WATCHA GOT THERE,
NUTSY?

I DUNNO!
LOOK!



IT'S A CAMERA, MITCH. SOMEBODYS
SNOOPING AROUND HERE.
WE GOTTA GET RID OF 'EM!
GET THE RODS.



WAIT A MINUTE! WE DON'T WANT ANY
MORE MURDERS ON OUR HANDS. NOBODY
KNOWS WE'RE HERE. MUST BE A COUPLE
OF TOURISTS- THEY WON'T STAY LONG -
PUT THE CAMERA BACK. IF THEY
HAPPEN TO SEE US. WELL--- THEN
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM!



THAT WATER SURE COME ON,
TASTED SWEET. LET'S GET

OUTA HERE. DIS
PLACE GIVES
ME DA CREEPS.

I'M GONNA TAKE A
FEW SHOTS BEFORE
WE LEAVE.

M-M-M-
THAT'S FUNNY!

DID YOU TOUCH
THE CAMERA,
MERKIN? A
PICTURE WAS
TAKEN.

NOPE!
I DIDN'T TOUCH
IT SINCE IT
WUZ LOADED.

DIS IS A GHOST TOWN.
AINT IT? MAYBE DA
GHOSTS TOOK A
PITCHER WHILE WE
WUZ AT DA WELL.

YOU'RE CRAZY!
BUT I'M GOING
TO DEVELOP IT
RIGHT NOW--
I'M CURIOUS.

CHARLIE AND MERKIN GO INTO A SHACK, AND WITH HIS PORTABLE EQUIPMENT, CHARLIE DEVELOPS THE FILM --

WITH THIS R.O.P. PAPER I
CAN PRINT THE FILM
BY SUN RAYS.

NUTSY UNCONSCIOUSLY SNAPPED THE CAMERA AS THE TWO OTHER CONVICTS WERE WALKING TOWARDS HIM, AND-

OH! MY GOSH! THE
ESCAPED CONVICTS!

ON A HIGHWAY NORTH OF THE GHOST TOWN--

HEY! JOE! WHAT'S THAT CLOUD OF DUST MOVING ACROSS THE DESERT?



HOLD IT A MINUTE! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?



CHARLIE TELLS THE POLICE HIS STORY, AND SHOWS THE PICTURE--

IT'S THEM ALL RIGHT! GET HEADQUARTERS ON THE RADIO.



LATER AT HEADQUARTERS--

WELL, BOYS, THE CONVICTS WERE PICKED UP WITHOUT A STRUGGLE, AND YOU'RE ENTITLED TO THE REWARD FOR THEIR CAPTURE.



GEE! IF IT WASN'T FOR MY CAMERA, THOSE CONVICTS MIGHT NEVER HAVE BEEN CAPTURED.

STOP TUGGING ON MY SWEATER! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YA FORGOT TA MENTION- IF I DIDN'T DRAW DAT STRAIGHT LINE, WE NEVER WOULD'VE GOTTEN DERE! "PAL"!



KEEP ON DOING HOME FRONT CHORES
BRING BACK OUR MEN FROM FOREIGN SHORES

DAN'L FLANNEL



IT WAS AN ILL DAY FOR HOME-SPUN CENTER WHEN BRASS BUCKLE BEN, THE GREATEST HAWG RUSTLER IN THE COUNTRY, CHARGED INTO THE TRANQUIL TOWN! WHAT WERE THE TOWNSPEOPLE GOING TO DO? ONLY DAN'L FLANNEL HAD AN ANSWER TO THAT, AND IT GOES LIKE THIS-----

DAN'L FLANNEL DISPLAYS HIS KNOWLEDGE OF MAGIC TO BEULAH BELLE-----

FUST YO SEES IT-- THEN YO DONT, BEULAH!

CAN'L! HOW WONDERFUL! YOU'VE MADE THAT APPLE DISAPPEAR! BUT HOW?



THAS EASY BEULAH! THIS HYER BOOK TELLS YO'-----

DAN'L! BRASS BUCKLE BEN DONE IN-VADED TH TOWN!



WAR BONDS ARE OUR BEST INSURANCE
THEY'LL PUT AN END TO JAP ENDURANCE

BRASS BUCKLE
BEN! TH' ORNIEST
HAWG THIER IN
TH' HILLS!
YULP!



THAR AIN'T NO TIME FER
MAGIC NOW, DAN'L! YO'RE
ACOMIN' WITH US TO TH' TOWN
MEETIN' T' COMBAT THIS
TERRIBLE THING!



SHORE, UNCLE DUD!
'SCUSE US BEULAH!

DID BEN
TAKE MUCH?

EVERY HAWG
IN TOWN!

SHERIFF APPLEBIN
AN' HIS DEPUTIES
CHASED 'EM INTO
TH' HILLS-- AN'...

AN'... (GULP) PORE
SHERIFF AN' HIS
DEPUTIES
NEVER COME
BACK!

(GULP!)...
PORE SHERIFF
APPLEBIN...
DAID--NO DOUBT!



WHUT WE
NEED IS A
FEARLESS
YOUNG UN,
WILLIN'
TO FACE
SARTIN
DEATH
T' BRING
BRASS
BUCKLE
BEN TO
JUSTICE!

YULP...
THAT'S
WHUT WE
NEED!

ULP... WHUT
FO' AIR YO' ALL
LOOKIN'
AT ME?





NICE GENTLEMAN, EH, CLEO? HE SARTINLY WAS DRESSED QUEER, THOUGH! THAT BRASS BUCKLE— HUH— BRASS BUCKLE BEN!



AH'M SHORE COLLECTIN' A PASSEL O' SHERIFFS T' DAY!



ONE HOUR LATER—CLEOPATRA AMBLES INTO TOWN—EMPTY SADDLED!



MEANWHILE—

UH-H— MY HAIR! WHUT HAPPENED?



GOSHALL! THERE'S SHERIFF APPELIN AN' TH' DEPUTIES!





BUYING BONDS IS ONE SURE WAY OF HASTENING OUR VICTORY DAY

PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The CHAMELEON

"R.L.P."—THESE THREE INITIALS EMBOSSED IN GOLD WERE TO SPELL FOR THE CHAMELEON, AN ADVENTURE SHROUDED WITH SUSPENSE AND CRAMMED WITH CONSTANT DANGER! FOLLOW PETE STOCKBRIDGE AS HE METHODICALLY UNRAVELS "THE MYSTERY OF THE THREE INITIALS"



AT THE ROMAR HOTEL, DARWIN, AUSTRALIA...
MESSAGE FOR MISTER STOCKBRIDGE!

THANK YOU, BOY!



Mr. Stockbridge:
I need
your help. Please
contact me at
56 River Lane.
R.L.P.

ANOTHER CALL FOR HELP! BEING A COUNTERESPIONAGE AGENT CERTAINLY INCREASES ONE'S FAN MAIL!



BUY WAR BONDS, ONE AND ALL!
GUARANTEE JAPAN'S QUICK FALL









SUDDENLY, HANK DASHES FOR THE STAIRS...



AT THAT MOMENT, PETE...





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